



The boy with no name



6 0 1

Chapter 1 by Dave Woodman

"Hey! You! Get back here!" Its late summer 1949, on the Northernmost side of Rome. Concerned pedestrians begin to fall into the chase, all eager to be a hero for the day. "Stop!" Stop that boy!" The man leading the charge shouts in Italian. He is a baker, and he can't keep up. Bracing himself against the lamp-post, and hunched over, out of breath, he lifts his head as his gaze meets that of a clean shaven man in a black suit. "Well are you going to just stand there and stare at me or are you going to catch that sonofabitch? He stole! FROM ME," baker shouts, red in the face. The stranger isn't concerned. Stone-faced, he reaches calmly into his jacket pocket. The baker's anger is suddenly replaced by a primal fear.

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